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AUGUST 4, 1880.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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FROM "REVIVALS" TO LUNATIC ASYLUMS IS BUT A STEP.

PUCK.

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BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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NOTICE.

The first edition of PUCK ON WHEELS has been exhausted.

THE SECOND EDITION

is now ready.

We understand that fifty cents has been demanded for the book by some unprincipled dealers.

The price of PUCK ON WHEELS is

25 CENTS.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

is, from cover to cover, WHOLLY ORIGINAL—no reprint—everything new, bright and brilliant.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

is profusely illustrated—not too profusely; but with artistic profusion—none the less artistic because profuse, and none the less profuse because artistic. This happy medium has been reached by the united efforts of Messrs. Keppler, Wales and Opper.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

is riding a Bicycle of our own private patent: and we want no remarks about it.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THAT Mr. Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is the most dainty and delicate of all that gentleman's poetic fancies is universally admitted. Still we cannot perceive that he has any claim to a copyright in the article, and PUCK has this week been having a little dream all to himself. The influence of his great progenitor's genius was, however, strong upon him, and some of the characters of the play insisted on coming prominently forward. Columbia was PUCK's Titania, and like the gallant little gentleman he is, he holds up for her the greatest distinction in her gift, till she can decide upon which of the sleeping candidates to confer it. For the other playful tricks of PUCK's dream-thoughts the reader must turn to the cartoon.

Spain, knowing of the highly efficient condition in which ex-Secretary Robeson left our remains of a Navy, now loses no opportunity

of insulting our flag. Two or three vessels that have recently arrived in port, have, according to the statements of their masters, been overhauled by Spanish men-of-war, when on the high seas. But the Department of State makes no sign, nor will it do so, we suppose, until two or three hundred American citizens have been shot in cold blood in the most approved "Virginius" style. When Mr. Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State we used to expect this kind of thing—indeed, we rather liked it, and felt disappointed without our weekly insult from a Spanish war-vessel; but then Mr. Fish had rather a *penchant* for Spain. Secretary Evarts, so far as we know, has no reason to be desperately enamored of His Most Catholic Majesty and his dominions, so that by this time next year, when he will have finished writing a dispatch, we may possibly hear what Spain has to say on the subject in justification of her conduct.

Mr. Edison is heard from again. Not in connection with the Electric Light, or Polyform, or Tailings Process, or Telephone, or Poker Pyrostat, or the thousand and one things of which we at one time heard a great deal, but are now never mentioned. The latest outcome of the Edison brain is an Electric Motor, which is said to rival the Keely article in speed, beauty and efficiency. The rails convey electricity, and the machinery in the Motor sends the train spinning along at an unconscionable number of miles an hour. The general adoption of this wonderful machine will naturally render the ordinary steam locomotive a thing of the past, perhaps much in the same manner as the Electric Light has superseded gas. The next thing in order will be the formation of a company to introduce this Electric Locomotive. There will be a rush for the stock, which will go up to two or three thousand dollars a share, and will afterwards fall to about five dollars. Nothing more will then be heard of the Electric Locomotive Company until about the year 1900, when the public will be told that Mr. Edison is still experimenting with a view of perfecting the machine. In the meantime Mr. Edison's Patent Electric Flying Machine will be occupying public attention; which will be dropped to make way for the Galvano Dynamic Diving Bell, and so on *ad infinitum*. That there is a great deal in Mr. Edison's inventions cannot be disputed; but wouldn't it be wiser on his part to make one thing an established success before commencing on another, and thus have compassion on the investing public? We like to give inventors all the encouragement possible; but then they must not only invent—they must finish. Mr. Edison has been amusing himself by crying "Eureka!" far too long; by the time he has found something worth talking about, confidence in him will be gone.

by these Revivals will outweigh this one direct evil. There is rarely if ever a Revival at which some attendants do not become insane, nor is this to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that young girls and weak women of naturally hysterical temperaments form the bulk of the congregation. Upon their fears, the terrors of Hell which Revivalist ministers love to depict in the most lurid hues, produce an agony of distraction. It is a matter of great doubt if Revivals, Crusades, Salvation Armies and other similar movements ever accomplish much permanent good. If they do, why is there such frequent necessity for their repetition among the same people?

At last! Public servants are beginning to get a faint glimmering of the truth that they owe a duty to their employers. To be sure the official brain is so dull of comprehension that nothing short of ignominious dismissal from office or a more or less extended term in the penitentiary seems capable of arousing it from its sluggish inaction. Two cases of punishment of offenders were during the past week so marked and so unusual that we have really some hope that office-holders, to whom nothing is so dear as their salaries—except it be their perquisites—will wake up to the fact that possibly something may be gained by attending to their duties. We refer to the final expulsion of the late Superintendent of Buildings, and the sentence of imprisonment for periods of ninety and sixty days respectively, upon Captain Burleigh and three men employed by the Street-Leaving-Dirty Bureau. In passing sentence, Judge Moore said he regretted that he could not punish the employers rather than the employees. PUCK takes off its hat to Judge Moore and makes him his best bow. If PUCK and the Judge could take a walk on a healthfully situated island in the East River and see the said employers spending these delightful days in the striped uniform a grateful people has chosen to show its appreciation of the services of some of its citizens, the unequally matched but heartily sympathizing couple would feel a thrill of intense gratification.

It was through the efforts of the officers of the Manhattan Beach Company that the prosecutions for illegal dumping were pushed to a successful issue, and the community owes them some thanks. But in this connection the homely proverb "it makes all the difference whose ox is gored" may be used with remarkable appropriateness, for it appears that the residents of houses near Sheepshead Bay complain that their homes are rendered almost untenable in consequence of the pollution of water by the refuse of the Manhattan Beach hotels. The hotel men, of course, deny the charge—so did the Street-Leaving-Dirty Bureau deny the charge of illegal dumping, but it did not take long to procure evidence of their offences. The difficulty of dealing with the garbage and sewage of the Coney Island hotels is very great. At the close of last season it was stated that extensive engineering works would be necessary in order to carry the refuse far out to sea. We have never heard of such works having been even begun. If this is a difficult problem to solve, it is not more so than how to take adequate precautions against fire in these vast tinderboxes. The principles of their construction, and the speed with which they are put together—we will not say built—precludes the possibility of making them anything like fireproof. In the natural course of events, one of these hotels will some day take fire. When it does we want to be a good many miles away. Such dangerous structures would not be allowed in this city; is there no authority to prevent their being erected in places frequented by our people?

A FREE ADVERTISEMENT.

MESSRS. GEORGE P. ROWELL & Co., proprietors of a Newspaper Advertising Bureau in this city, have with exceeding liberality and kindness sent us a volume called the "American Newspaper Directory." The book is supposed to contain lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada; and a neatly lithographed circular accompanies it, with a polite request that we will express our candid opinion of its beauties and its accuracy.

We have arrived at the conclusion that Messrs. George P. Rowell & Co.'s Directory is a very nice book *not* to refer to if any information is required about the circulation of newspapers, as we find that PUCK is credited with a circulation obviously and ridiculously small.

We invariably refuse to give any Newspaper Advertising Bureau particulars concerning our business. If then, as we have shown, Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co. have been so egregiously misinformed as to PUCK's circulation, what possible reliance can be placed on any statements regarding other papers in this Newspaper Directory of theirs?

FIGHTING SAVAGES.

THE appalling disaster to the British troops in Afghanistan adds another to the long list of the military blunders of England in what she calls her "little wars." Her possessions are so extensive that she always has to be fighting some variety of savages distinguished generally by more or less airiness of costume.

Now it is the New Zealanders, now the Ashantees or Zulus, or some other poor barbarous devils of half-naked niggers. She always comes off victorious in the end, but not without an immense expenditure of blood and treasure out of all proportion to the object gained.

The British military authorities, judging by the manner in which they conduct these campaigns still seem to labor under the popular last century's delusion that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen and an unlimited number of savages.

One of these "little wars" breaks out, usually, through the bungling on the part of some concealed political agent or incompetent diplomat.

A ridiculously small number of troops is marched against the enemy, who flies in confusion. Flushed with success, the astute General, whose name is always ornamented with enough titles and orders to cover all the letters of the alphabet, enters the enemy's country without any supports.

The next thing we hear is that the victorious army has been cut to pieces, one drummer-boy having escaped to tell the tale. Two or three more regiments are sent. And so the war goes on, relieved by an occasional massacre, until the niggers get tired of fighting and think it about time to give in, which they do, and when they feel in the humor, go at it again.

This is the history of nearly all the wars that Great Britain has been engaged in of late years, and says very little for her military organization and management.

These Afghans, although not exactly half-naked savages, are a treacherous, fierce and brave race; and it was reasonable to suppose that the vast experience England has made for herself in dealing with Asiatics, would enable her to avoid putting her troops in a position where they were almost certain to be massacred.

We do not mean to say that some of our own military dealings with Indian tribes have been altogether beyond criticism. It is not so very long ago that Custer and his men fell victims to criminally bad generalship, but the condi-

tions, as compared with this Afghan disaster, were altogether different.

Our army is a very small one—although some people think it isn't small enough. England, while she has not a very large army, votes enormous sums for its support, or chiefly for the support of a parcel of useless generals, and in a struggle such as is this Afghan business the Government has practically any number of men, or amount of treasure at its disposal.

The principal cause of the inefficiency of the British army is that it is an essentially aristocratic institution. Until this evil is remedied, and a little more democratic common sense is used in its army management, we shall be constantly hearing of like disasters.

Much political capital will be made out of this affair by ex-Premier Beaconsfield and his followers; but the wretched policy England has pursued in her dealings with barbarous tribes is not peculiar to either Conservative or Liberal administrations.

ON THE WAR PATH.



THE NAVY THAT SECRETARY THOMPSON SAYS IS TO ASSIST IN SEATING THE FUTURE PRESIDENT.

THE PEANUT PSYCHOLOGIST.

We insert, at Mr. George Francis Train's request, the following postal-card communications. One purports to be written by Mr. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the *Sun*, acquitting Mr. Train of any complicity in the Credit Mobilier frauds. What appears on the back of a third, a round-the-world postal-card, we do not print, as it can only be of interest to Mr. Train and not to the public.

DANA TO TRAIN!

The C. M. A. was no swindle as long as G. F. T. had it. But afterwards others perverted it to swindling uses. No one has ever imputed any wrong to G. F. T. in that matter.

C. A. D.

[Train to PUCK!—No "Fraud" on my Brow, you see!—G. F. T.]

PERSONAL!

MADISON SQUARE, {
P. E. 51!

Citizen Editor PUCK!

No joke but fact in Postals enclosed! (as Ben Jonson said to Sylveste?) Round World Postal 108 Days! And Dana admits no "Fraud" on my *Credit Mobilier* brow! PUCK is simply immense!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Puckerings.

GENUINE IRISH STEW—Home Rule Mess.

A PROJECT THAT WILL HOLD WATER—The Tunnel.

FELINE DANGER SIGNAL.—About this time look out for Cat Berghs.

HAMLET AS A MARKET MAN—"My tables! Meat it is, I set it down."

POPULAR RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE—Most of the preachers have left town.

THE FOREIGN PRODUCE MARKET—*Faux Mollets* in Paris are 5 fr. 50c. the Pair.

NEW AND DESERVED INDIGNITY FOR DON CARLOS—Knight of the Stolen Fleece.

RIDDLE OF THE OBELISK (*for solution by the Park Commission*)—"What shall we do with it?"

THERE IS more Fusion in Maine. Fusion and confusion seem to be identical terms up among the Foxes.

A LATE DISCOVERY—Reported Sharks about Coney Island. They are generally to be found very near the hotels.

CHEERFUL PROSPECT OF AMERICAN ART ABROAD—Thirty American women are registered as "Professional Models" in Paris.

ALTHOUGH the American riflemen abroad may not be called upon to bleed for their country, they will nevertheless have been well cupped.

THERE WAS a Sea-lion, Big Ben,
Who recently "lit" from his pen;
He was caught on the fly,
With the loss of one eye
He never can scratch in again.

OUR COLORED POPULATION continues to afford gratifying evidence of advancing civilization. Two female minstrels at Niblo's quarreled and fought last week in a way that puts the Marion-Ambre row at the Academy, quite in the shade.

JUDGE HILTON has named his new place at Saratoga "Woodlawn." We suppose he has used this Cemeterial name as a propitiatory offering to the unburied *manes* of the late A. T. S., who we believe once did the aforesaid Hebrew-hater some slight service.

W. H. VANDERBILT has become envious of Haverly's reputation, and is determined to prove to the world what he knows about running shows. If Haverly who began as a train-boy has done so much, what may not Vanderbilt, the Boss of so many railroads, accomplish?

PARADISE has at last been regained, not in the poetic style, but on the eminently practical business basis of so much per week. The most astonishing feature of the discovery is that the new Eden is in Jersey! Our information has been gained from the following, which appeared in the *Herald*:

ABSOLUTELY NO DRESSING REQUIRED—FIFTY minutes from city; room for more pleasant people; 40 now here; salt bathing one minute from house; boating, fishing, crabbing; shady lawns, park and farm; table good, beds ditto; private theatricals Saturday (Long Branch trains.)

It is to be hoped that the comfort of the forty wearers of fig-leaves is not interfered with by Jersey's champion product—mosquitoes.

TILDEN'S TRIUMPH.

THE BACHELOR TO BE A BENEDICT.

Democracy and Royalty.

UNCLE SAM'L AND THE BAR'L.

He Captures

H.R.H. BEATRICE MARY VICTORIA FEODORE.

Why He Declined a Second Term.

CORRESPONDENCE, DISPATCHES, &c.

Puck's Special Report.

ALL FOR TEN CENTS.

ALARGE number of our prettiest, most refined and beautiful women have married English and Foreign noblemen of exalted lineage, and have proved in an eminent degree a great acquisition to European court circles. The matrimonial alliances continue to take place. Next week a young and rather remote scion of British nobility is to carry off one of our Newport belles, and many more such marriages are on the *tapis*.

At first sight it seems very flattering to this country that so many of its charming daughters should become the wives of European noblemen; but this fact, on reflection, will not be looked upon with much satisfaction when it is considered that there is no reciprocation in the matter, there not being a single instance on record where an American citizen of standing has married a European lady of title.

It is now, however, our happy privilege to announce, with feelings of unalloyed pleasure, that this anomalous state of things is ended by the successful issue of negotiations for the arrangement of a marriage between our *de jure* President, Samuel Jones Tilden and Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

By this event what may be considered a stain on our national escutcheon is wiped away. An American gentleman is the equal in every respect of the nobleman and gentleman of other countries, and it was too bad that he should not have the same opportunity of marrying the woman he might love because she unfortunately happened to be a princess or a peeress in her own right.

We see no reason why Queen Victoria should not marry John Kelly, or some other distinguished American. Alliances such as these cannot fail to keep up an *entente cordiale* between the two countries.

It will be remembered that the friends of Mr. Tilden were very much exercised at his withdrawing his name from the list of possible nominees at the recent Democratic Convention in Cincinnati; but it appears that there was no alternative while these matrimonial negotiations were pending, as it was utterly impossible that Mr. Tilden could pay court to the Princess Beatrice and go through the turmoil of a Presidential election at the same time.

While the time is not yet fixed for the nuptials, there can be little doubt, as will be seen from the subjoined correspondence and dispatches, that the day cannot be very far distant. It is surprising how secret the matter has been kept. Many people wondered what could have induced Mr. Tilden to purchase the noble country-seat Greystone, at Yonkers. The mystery is now explained, and the future Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore Tilden will have a much finer residence than the White House. We are credibly informed that the mis-

sion of H. R. H. Prince Leopold to this country was not altogether unconnected with this forthcoming marriage.

THE RT. HON. EARL GRANVILLE TO THE HON. WM. M. EVARTS.

O. H. M. S.

FOREIGN OFFICE,
DOWNING STREET, July 1, 1880.

To the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, Sec'y of State, &c., &c., Washington D. C., United States of America.

Sir:

I am directed by the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, to convey to you the information that he has had the honor to place Mr. Tilden's proposal, submitted by you, for the hand of H. R. H. The Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, before Her Most Gracious Majesty and Empress Queen Victoria.

I am happy to be enabled to announce that while the proposition is wholly unprecedented, Her Most Gracious Majesty and Empress has seen fit to take it under her august consideration.

Her Majesty's Government presumes that you are aware that special legislation is necessary to allow any member of the Royal Family to marry one who is not of Royal Blood. Her Majesty's Government fully understands that Mr. Tilden is one of a sovereign people, and the objections in this case would be of less force than those that would be urged against the subject of a Monarchical or Despotic Power. Mr. Gladstone desires me to request you to assure Mr. Tilden that while he is not disposed to do anything that might damage his chances of success, he cannot feel that he can heartily advise Her Most Gracious Majesty to take a step that would certainly be unprecedented and might probably be considered impolitic.

I am instructed to add that you can probably strengthen Mr. Tilden's case by more fully explaining the arguments in Mr. Tilden's favor you used in making your first application. Her Most Gracious Majesty does not thoroughly understand in what the honor of being a *de jure* President consists, nor does she entirely comprehend the frequent references to the number of Mr. Tilden's Bar'l's. You would greatly oblige by giving me as early as possible information that I can submit to Her Majesty as to the nature, qualities and advantages of Bar'l's.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

HON. WM. M. EVARTS TO THE RT. HON. EARL GRANVILLE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, {
July 14th, 1880.

To the Rt. Hon. Earl Granville, Sec'y of State for Foreign Affairs, Downing Street, London, England.

My Lord:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt on the 11th instant at 2:30 P. M. (9:35 A. M. Greenwich time) your courteous communication, recording the facts that your government was in possession of Mr. Tilden's proposal for the hand of Her Most Gracious Majesty and Empress Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore and that the same was under Her Majesty's august consideration, and further requesting fuller information about the advantages of being a *de jure* President and the nature of "Bar'l's."

In reply thereto I beg to say that the advantages urged by the aforementioned Mr. Samuel Jones Tilden of being a *de jure* President consist and are compounded of being able to assume the air of a martyr, of being allowed to go about saying that he was duly elected President of these United States but did not have

ability enough to secure the office to which he claims he was duly and legally elected, and in having all his friends tell him privately and publicly, more especially at public meetings, that he ought now to be sitting, and should for the last three years four months and ten days (expiring at 12 M. this day, Washington time) have been sitting in the Presidential Chair, also that the word "bar'l" is an abbreviation more or less commonly used for the word barrel and that the word "bar'l's" is the common plural of "bar'l" in which unusual but doubtless convenient receptacles the hereinbefore mentioned Samuel Jones Tilden is accustomed to keep the worldly wealth which a long career of unremitting industry and sedulous attention and devotion to the public weal has allowed him to accumulate, and trusting that this explanation will cause Her Most Gracious Majesty to look more favorably upon the application of one of my most distinguished fellow-citizens, I have the honor to be,

Yours &c., &c.,
WM. M. EVARTS.

CABLE DISPATCHES.

NO. 1.

To Evarts, Washington.

Bar'l explanation satisfactory. Queen does not think much of *de jure* business. State how many bar'l's and contents.

GRANVILLE.

22 words paid.

NO. 2.

To Earl Granville, Foreign Office, London.

In compliance with your courteous inquiry, I engaged a special train for Greystone, Yonkers, interviewed Mr. Tilden, and learned much to mine and I have no doubt your satisfaction that there are five bar'l's; the contents being two millions each there or thereabout.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Collect £7.13.6.

NO. 3.

To Evarts, Washington.

Queen favorably impressed but still in doubt. Prepay messages, or use fewer words.

GRANVILLE.

17 words paid.

NO. 4.

To Granville, London.

Tell Queen, Tilden says Bar'l's hold considerably more than two millions.

EVARTS.

Collect £2.5.0.

NO. 5.

To Granville, London.

Does the girl love me?

TILDEN.

9 words paid.

NO. 6.

To Evarts, Washington.

Tell Tilden his inquiry undiplomatic. Love not a consideration in royal marriages. Queen still in doubt.

GRANVILLE.

20 words paid.

NO. 7.

To Granville, London.

Tilden has found another bar'l.

EVARTS.

9 words paid.

NO. 8.

To Evarts, Washington.

Queen accepts.

GRANVILLE.

6 words paid.

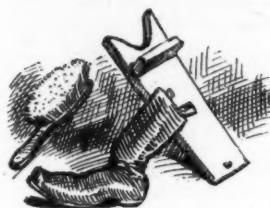
THE PROPOSED WAR ON THE CATS.



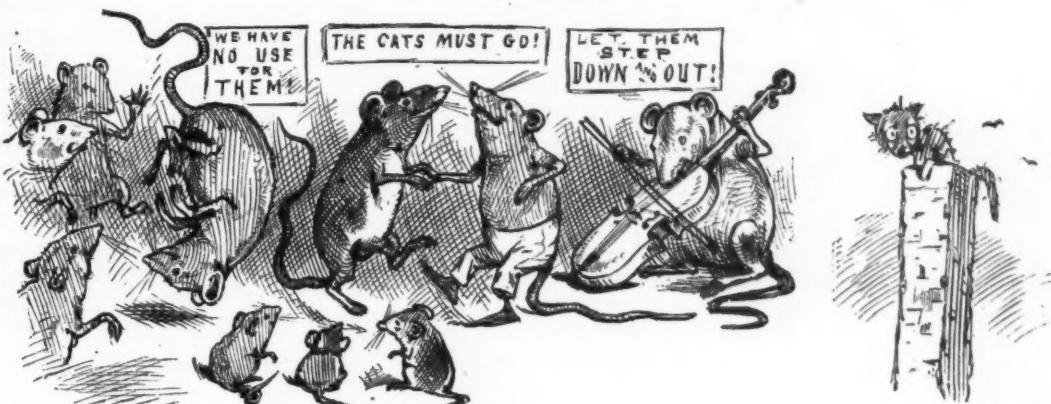
"And they call this a free country!"



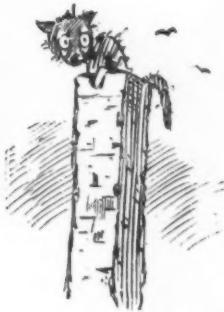
Wandering Refugees.



Projectiles of the Past.



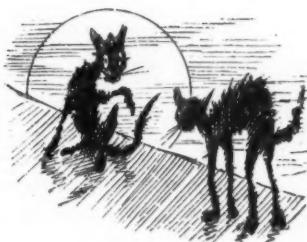
A Rat-ifi-Cat-ion Meeting.



Enforced Retirement.



ENTERPRISING SPECULATOR:—"Now let the butcher's and furriers come!"



A Last Farewell.



"It's an ill wind—"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

NEW YORK,
July 26th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have seen the comical cartoon on woman-suffrage in your issue of July 14th. But do you really think that because we believe that the right to vote should be based on intelligence and not on sex, that we therefore believe that women should try to transform themselves into wretched imitations of men?

Beauty forbid that we should ever look like such ugly creatures!

And I have a question to ask you. In the corner of that cartoon is a pretty family-scene, representing father, mother and children seated happily together, with the melancholy motto below: "Nevermore, nevermore!" Why not? Is not that man a voter? And if he is and still loves his home, why may not his wife also be a voter and still do likewise?

Ah, Mr. PUCK, why will you not use your trenchant pencil in the service of the women of America, native and foreign born, in their just claims to an equal share of all civil and political privileges?

Thanking you for many a hearty laugh at the pleasant fancies of your wit, I remain

Yours truly,
LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

We regret that Mrs. Blake with all her acknowledged ability is unable to comprehend the full meaning of our cartoon. It is the first

time we have been asked to explain the lesson of one of our illustrations, and while the novelty is refreshing, it proves that even ladies of Mrs. Blake's intelligence have not yet acquired those powers of perception which we consider the voter should possess. Mrs. Blake is a wife and we believe also a politician, and we will therefore reply to her inquiry by asking her this question: if the husband in our "pretty family scene" should propose to vote for the candidate who was obnoxious to his wife, would the "pretty family scene" continue to be a domestic paradise or would it remind the spectator of the region in which Dante spent his "fortnight off?"

CAPTAIN CRAPO SETS THE FASHION.



HOW WE SHALL CROSS THE OCEAN, IF THE SMALL BOAT EPIDEMIC CONTINUES TO INCREASE.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

FREEPORT, PENN.,
July 26th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Laboring under the impression that you probably require some literary talent and graphic ability on that sheet you publish in the interest of dyspeptics, and knowing myself to be peculiarly fitted to take charge of a paper which you are attempting to publish—but, alas, you miss your calling—I make you the following liberal offer:

I will take charge of and manage your paper—editorial, financial, cartoonical, puckering and puns, and, in fact, everything about your shanty—for the moderate stipend of, say, \$4.50 per day and found. You must certainly be cognizant of your lack of artistic and literary skill ere this, and to cite you instances of gross ignorance in the orthography of items you call "puns" is not in my province.

Yes, I would like to take charge of that paper for you; and I would yield you a handsome income, too. And I think that would suit us both. You have a future before you; but if you don't get a manager, it will soon fasten itself behind you. I guess I am the party you want over there, so just drop me a word.

Parentally yours,

F. HALE MCJERKIN.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I will take four-sixty-two and find myself. McJ.

"THE RIME OF THE ANTIENT CARPET."

A PARODY.

Ye victim he sneaketh
along ye streete.

He eludeth ye merrie
friends.

They do laugh him to
scorn right spitefully.

The bright dawn of a
dismal day.

He reluctantly compli-
eth with his wife's behest.

Manlike, he getteth ye
roome in a musse.

The trouble beginneth.

In frenzy he grasperth
ye carpet.

Tis the festive Robinson,
And he rusheth wildly by;
His hair all mussed, his coat all dust,
And frenzy in his eye.

He rusheth on—he dodgeth through
A throng of merrie friends;
Jeers on their lips, for carpet strips,
Hang from his coat-tail ends.

Loud laugh his friends—"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!"
And also cry "I say."
"Withhold thy chaff," he sternly said,
Eftsoon their chaff held they.

"The house was clean, and sooth I ween,
All cheery seemed and gay;
'Go get the chair,' the good wife said,
'The carpet must up to-day.'

"I beat my breast, all sore distressed,
I could not choose but do;
The claw I got—a saucer last,
And got the hammer too.

"Three tacks I took out carefully,
And then there came a nail;
I raved and swore, I ripped and tore,
The sun's bright face grew pale.

"The dust was here, the dust was there,
The dust was all around;
And I was seated on the floor
With tacks in many a wound.

"Around about with double clout
I grasped that carpet tight;
And ripped and tore, and rolled o'er—
It was an awesome sight!

He wrangleth right mer-
rily with ye carpet.

Ye carpet raiseth griev-
ous wounds all over its ad-
versary.

He putteth him out of
ye doore.

He vainly trieth the
doore.

He seeketh a grievous
cudgel to wreak venge-
ance on ye carpet.

Ye fun progresseth.

Ye carpet vanquisheth
its enemy.

He taketh a dreadful
and solemn vow.

"I pried them in, I pried them out,
O hear me man and brother!—
Sooth every tack I looked there
Was larger than the other!

"They tore my knuckles to the bone,
They scratched my fingers through,
The dust arose and filled my nose
And choked my mouth up too.

"At last that carpet I got up,
And where me down I seated,
My wife she hung it on my back,
And pushed me out to beat it.

"I turned me round and tried the doore;
But it was locked and bolted,
And there that beastly carpet lay,
In dirt and dust enfolded.

"I hung it on the clothes-line nigh,
I sought me out a stick:
And then I turned and hauled me off
And gave it one good lick.

"The East-wind came, the cold East-wind,
It veered it with my whacks;
The dust it blew in blacky clouds,
All filled with lint and tacks.

"My mouth it filled, my nose also,
The terrible East-wind;
I took me to my heels and fled,
The carpet left behind.

"And never again, while life may last,
Will I be found so green—
Howe'er the wife may importune,
The carpet to touch, I ween."

COYLEY D'ARTE.

**PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Public Faith Under Mining Company,
OF
UTOPIA, SHAM TERRITORY.**

Capital, \$250,000,000.—250,000,000 Shares of \$1 each.

Perfectly Unassessable.

THE Silver, Gold, Diamond, Ruby and Topaz Mines, Mill Site and Placer Claims belonging to this company are located on WINDY CREEK, a tributary to IMPUDENCE GULCH, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from CLAPTRAP CITY, Sham Territory, accessible by good roads, in easy stages, at all seasons of the year.

The Placer Mines are full of precious stones, declared by reliable experts to yield not less than \$5,000 per cubic foot, as THE WASHING of a few FEET realized even a larger CLEAN-OUT than this.

The Mill Sites furnish water enough to float any kind of scheme, and water any railroad, telegraph, coal or any other kind of desirable stock.

The BONANZAS, of the great mineral belt of which these mines form the centre, have, for the past half-dozen years yielded the bulk of all the bullion produced in Utopia, as evidenced by the frequent and enormous Dividends paid to those who were fortunate enough to invest in the surrounding properties.

The Pub. Faith Under Mining Co. owns nothing but TRUE FIZZELSURE VEINS, which are not only inexhaustible, but absolutely bottomless. Professor O. Blowpipe, one of the ablest Mining Engineers and Experts in the country, has, at our request, prepared a detailed Report, to which we beg to refer. We also call atten-

tion to the exhaustive Report of the eminent Geologist, General P. Trash.

The Officers and Directors of the Company are gentlemen of the highest possible standing and business integrity, whose eminent names are a sufficient guarantee to the investor.

DIRECTORS AND TRUSTEES:

Ab-di-Kated, *Ex-Khedge of Egypt.*
Ebn-ben-Ladham, *Ex-Calif of Ornia.*
Prince Bismuth, *Ex-Chancellor of Vaterland.*
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REGISTRARS OF STOCK:
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No. 2015 Broadway, Balloon Building.
(Elevator; rooms 52 to 6,296, in the 9th sphere
of the moon.)

NOW READY:

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Price, 25 Cents.

RANDOM REMARKS.

OF GENERAL AND PARTICULAR BEARING.

WHEN GEN. HANCOCK was quite young, he was heard to exclaim, out in the woodshed: "Father, I haven't the nerve to give you Huyler. Take back the cleaver; I broke the ox-heart with a club."

A DYING REBEL-PICKET crawled up to Gen. Garfield in the field, after a battle, during the late unpleasantness, and begged piteously for a drink. When asked what he wanted, the dying soldier gasped, "A Hancock tail," and died in fearful agony.

IT NOW COMES OUT that Garfield, when a boy, used to secretly drive all the cattle about the farm into the farmyard, and there, in cold blood, take the temperature of the animals in the axilla. Such horrible cruelty should induce Bergh to publish a ukase against his election.

A GUILELESS BILLYGOAT was passively browsing on the mossy slopes of Crow Hill, the other day, when he unearthed a box of alleged paper collars, No. 16, of the enemy. After cavorting in a special war-dance around the tit-bit for a few minutes, with tears in his eyes, he sailed in and put away eight patent binding, 3-ply, extra gummed celluloid collars, before he discovered the discrepancy in the flavor. But the cruel gripe was already upon him. Six knots in the larger intestine made his mad brain swirl; and he passed through two fences before a brick wall laid him low.

ROD REQUEZ.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXXXV.
THE FASTING MAN.

Ya-as aw, my attention has been dwawn wecently to the fact that some fellow is westwicting himself to copious dwaughts of watah, and wegulahly abstaining fwom food faw a perwid of forty days.

As a wule, I nevah take any especial interest in pwoceedings so irwesistably widiculous as these; but in this particulah instance I am constwained to aw give it some attention, as everybody is discussing the subject.

Jack Carnegie says that he believes the fellow acts fwaudulently; but, fwom cwedible information I have weceived, I see no reason why this extwordinarwy abstinence fwom nourishment should not be undergone. Jack, although weemarkably shrwewd, is fwrequently pwejudiced in such affai-ahs.

This fasting individual is weputed to be a membah of the medical fwaternity. He comes fwom some weigion verwy far west, indeed, and and wejoices in the curwious patwonymic of "Tanner."

I am not certain that he is a weal doctah; faw in Amerwica there is such an intense pwe-dilection faw titles of everwy descwiptiion, that to claim to belong to a pwofession was about the best thing the faster could do.

With equal certainty, or perhaps with even gweatah assurwance of wecognition, he might call himself a Colonel, a Generwal, or even a Pwesident.

He temporwarwily wesides in a building called Clarwendon Hall, where severwal saw-bone fellaws are watching ovah him to see that he does not wevel in food of any descwiptiion. He is allowed to dink, howevah, as much watah as he pleases, and he indulges pweetty fwewly in this beverwage, both in a hot and fwigid condition!

Aftah all, these Amerwicans are a peculi-ah people. They are always doing, or twying to do, something that no othah fellaws evah dweamed of. But, 'pon my soul, ye know, I can't see any verwy gwand object to be gained in living anywhere without taking any wegulah meals. Must be d-d-devilishly disagweeable faw the interwiah arwangements of the aw body.

I believe there were some fellaws in verwy ancient historwy who twied the aw experwiment in wemote ages—that is, when mirwacles flourwished; but since the invention of woast beef and othah luxurwies, the pwactice has gone out of fashion.

This Tanner man spends a gweat deal of his time in winsing out his mouth, in weading an extensive corwespondence, and in indulging in wides and dwives—which last arwangements, I should say, would wathah make him maw hungwy.

Aw if it can be satisfactorwily demonstwated that the human wace generwally—including, of course, our set—can live without eating anything, I don't see the use of bothering one's self to dwaw one's income. A fellow may as well be burwied or cwemated at once. It is weally too absurd and widiculous.

What is stwanger than evah is that this fastah is actually incweasing in weight on his wations of air and watah.

He weceives a pwodigious quantity of lettahs and poetwy. And, by the way—anothah instance of the curwious mannahs and customs of some Amerwican female cweachahs—one of

THE FASTING MANIA.



MOTHER OF FASTING FAMILY:—“Come to breakfast, children!”

the lettahs was fwom a gyurl who offered herself in marwiage to the fastah.

I don't know if he is going to accept the pwoposal. If he does, and she can fast too, their bakah's and their butchah's bills would, I should say—although I don't pwetend to understand these mattahs—be of an extwemely moderate charwactah aw.

Answers for the Anxious.

ELI PERKINS.—Thanks. Next week.

HASELTINE.—She has just found a clue in PUCK ON WHEELS.

JOHN FOOTE.—“Can we find a place in our waste-basket for such alleged jokes as ‘a General election in November,’ and such subjects for a cartoon as ‘Blaine, Grant and others eating crow’? No. We cannot. It is a respectable waste-basket.

ANONYMOUS MANIAC.—We have no comments to make upon your performance. We simply publish your letter, just to let the rest of our readers know the vast extent of human idiocy, and the way in which life is made pleasant to the artists and editors of this paper.

CARTOON.

UNCLE SAM ON THE WAY TO REFORM.

Uncle Sam, ragged, bent down, foot-sore and tired, with an old worn-out pair of shoes on—Democracy and Republicanism, the REPUBLICAN foot foremost, on the way to Reform.

Columbia offers him a new pair—Kukluxian and Anti-Masonry.

UNCLE SAM.—“Hang me! if I believe I shall ever get there in these old shoes; the nails are gouging into my heels, and I hardly know which foot to place foremost. It's a hard road to travel.”

COLUMBIA.—“Here, friend, take this new pair. They'll go a great ways; and you will surely get there if you place the right foot forward. They are rights and lefts.”

DET PEA.—You are a literary marvel; and we aren't flattery you when we say it. We have met, in the course of our gore-besprinkled experience, with poets who shared your ideas on the flexibility and elasticity of metrical forms; we have met humorists quite as archaeologic in style; we have met men who despised sustained and consistent thought with something of your fine scorn; but never have we come across anybody approaching you in originality as a mangler of rhymes. In your short offering, you get off such astounding verbal harmonies as *took* and *took*; *down* and *found*; *dummy* and *funny*; *dreams* and *these*; *leave* and *read*; *terrestrial* and *clouds*; *them* and *bet*; *torrents* and *scent*; and *rat* and *trap*—all of which are new to us. But, as you truly remark, though we don't know what that has to do with it:

The sway of love is forever,
The heart is Cupid's domain;
And the winds or the storms shall never
Love's passion the least restrain.”

The Crown Tooth Brushes are stamped on handle: The Crown Brush, London Made. Warranted Perfect.

AMUSEMENTS.

The preliminary season at WALLACK's has begun with Mr. George Conquest's pantomimic burlesque extravaganza, entitled “The Grim Goblin.” There are a number of highly sensational features in the entertainment, including Mlle. Etheria, the flying fairy. “The Grim Goblin” is well adapted to the “can't-get-away” audiences and the cooler August nights.

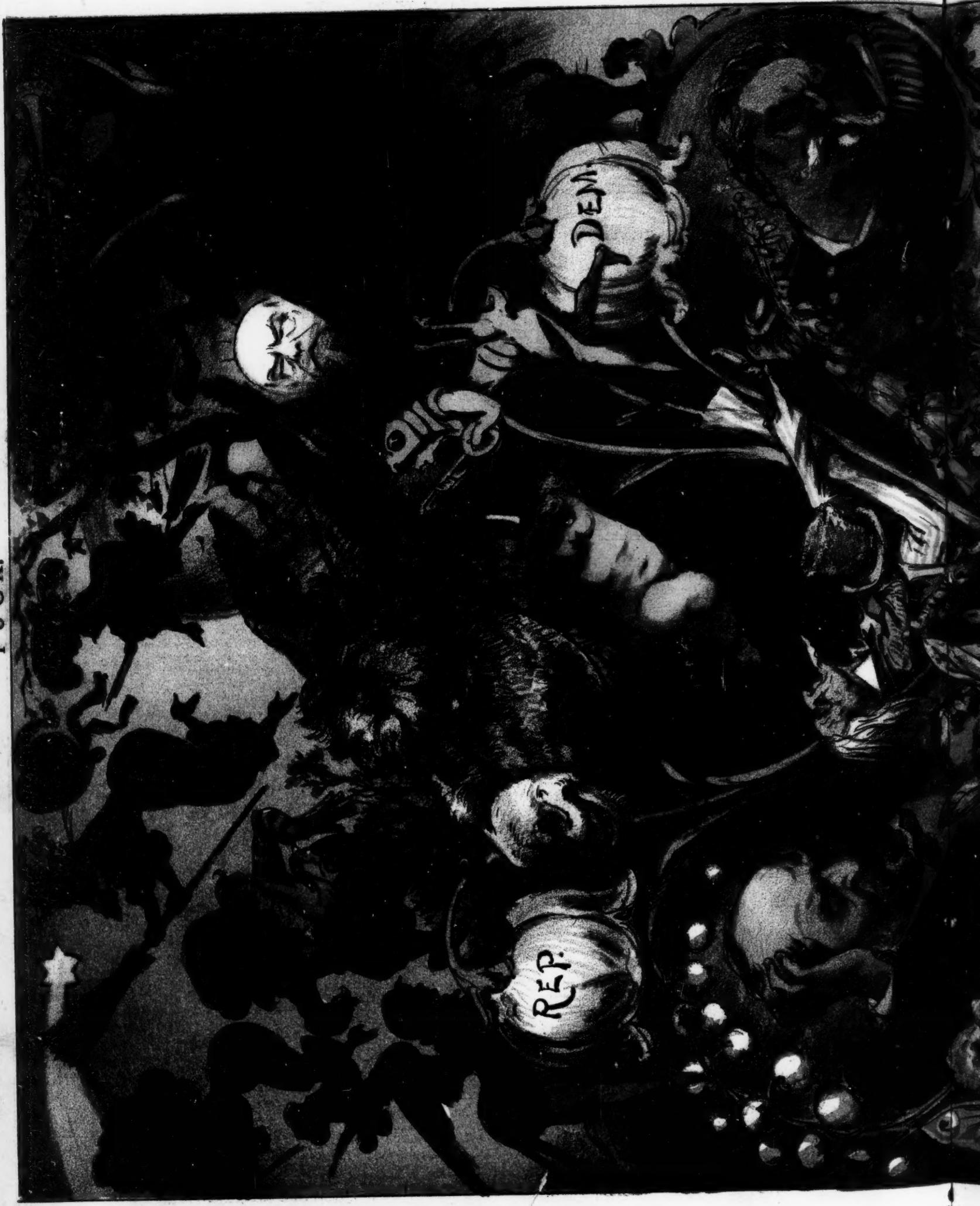
In spite of the unlimited vacation the sea lions have taken, for the purpose of seeking whom they may devour, there is a great deal of bathing at Coney Island, especially at Brighton Beach, where electric-light revels are particularly fashionable. The hotel, too, is largely patronized, and in some respects the railway arrangements are more convenient than those of Manhattan Beach.

Mr. Corbin might perhaps explain why the journey from Manhattan to Brighton Beach is made as uncomfortable as possible for pedestrains. One cannot get there on foot without filling one's shoes with sand. Is it for the purpose of making the little railroad running between the two places a bigger bonanza than ever to its fortunate owner? If so, it does not say much for the liberal policy of the Manhattan Beach managers. Why not permit people, if they feel so inclined, to walk between Brighton and Manhattan on a properly constructed plank-road.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. have published “A Selection of Spiritual Songs for the Sunday School,” selected and arranged by Rev. Chas. S. Robinson, D. D. After a thorough examination of the Hymns and the Music we think that both are well adapted for the purpose.

We have carefully read PUCK ON WHEELS, the new summer book published by Messrs. Kepler & Schwarzmann, and believe it is a book that ought to be in the hands of every man, woman and child in the country. Its contents, from a literary point of view, are of the highest order, and cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect on the financial policy of the country for many centuries. Secretary Sherman, we are informed, is also of this opinion; which, of course, settles the matter. Those who are desirous of comparing style in novel writing should read “Dynamite Dick” in PUCK ON WHEELS. It is a novel that will be found to differ in many respects from anything George Eliot ever wrote.



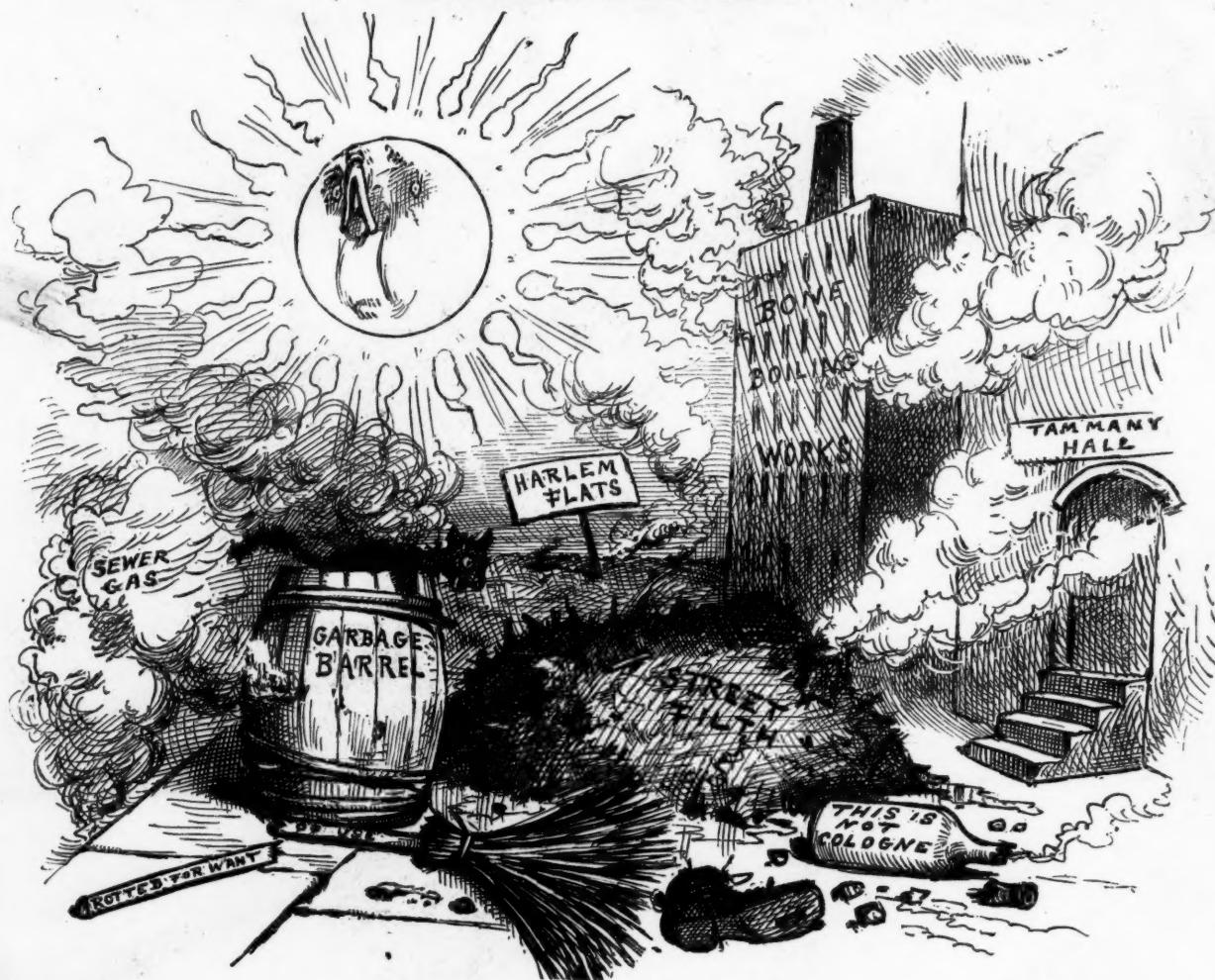


MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST NEW YORK.

MAAYER & MERKEL & OTTMAR, LITHOS. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

SUMMER LUXURIES.



"THE SEVEN SMELLS OF NEW YORK."

THE POLITICAL EXODUS.

Where Some of Our Leading Politicians Have Gone For The Campaign Season.

Grant has gone West—possibly in recognition of the advice of the late Dr. Greeley.

Blaine has gone up—among the shadows of the Pine Tree State, taking along a very complete assortment of Bloody Shirts.

Tilden has gone under—together with his though-lost-to-sight-to-memory-dear accompaniment, the Bar'l.

Kelly has gone wild—in ecstasy of revenge.

Conkling has gone a-fishing—though not, apparently, for Garfield voters.

Cameron has gone a-waterying places where the wearied sole finds rest.

Washburne has gone to Ems—probably because Ems wouldn't come to him.

Logan has gone his pile on Grant—and lost.

Forney has gone over to the Democratic party—which is good for Forney, whatever effect it may have on the party.

Jones (Patrick H.) has gone in for Hancock—evidently with the vision of a Post Office in his mind's eye.

Schurz has gone to thunder—among Western Republican constituencies. Price \$200 a thunder.

Sherman has gone after his Chicago betrayers with the headsman's blade—a sharp one, and warranted to cut government appointments short off.

Thurman has gone into a decline—of everything except office.

Robeson has gone to Coventry—where he belongs.

Belknap has gone to smash—and will stay.

Thompson (Ruler of Uncle Sam's Navee) has gone to tell the rural voters what he doesn't know about naval affairs—and it takes him a very long time to tell it.

Hendricks has gone mad—on the subject of his defeat for the Presidential nomination.

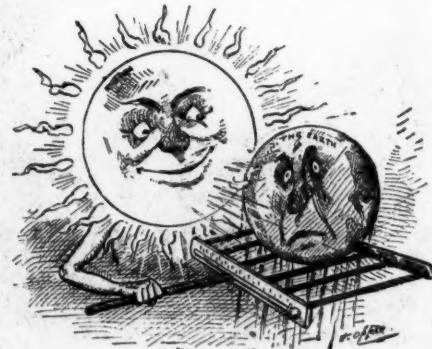
English has gone into a calculation—of the solid contents of his own and only bar'l.

Dana has gone (and is still going with an undiminished vigor) after two mysterious relations of Garfield, named respectively, but not respectfully, C. Mobilier and D. Golyer.—seemingly a *prima facie* case of abduction with his own consent.

Childs has gone into Obituary Poetry—deeper than ever.

Meanwhile our Earthly Ball has gone rolling on pretty much as if nothing had happened.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.



SOL.—"If you want a thing well done you must do it yourself!"

SUMMER LUXURIES.

OME people have been known to say that New York was the best place in the United States in which to pass the summer. It is to be suspected that they were either would-be philosophers whose finances had fallen below even Coney Island point, or persons whose olfactory organs had given them the gentle but irresistible "shake." To the owners of noses of normal smelling power, be they aquiline, Grecian, tip-tilted, Roman or conk, New York is in summer a combination of all the foulest that can "stink in the nostrils" of a long-suffering community. If the police-ridden serf who proudly calls himself a free citizen, wishing to escape from the smell most prevalent in his own particular locality, wanders into the streets, what does he find? Filth upon filth, garbage upon garbage, stench upon stench! Everywhere dirt, everywhere neglect, everywhere the germs of disease and death! If there is no wind each particular cause of putrefaction and decay spreads its poisonous odor as far as its rotting exhalations are diffusible. If a breeze blows from the North, Harlem Flats overpower all else with their pestiferous nastiness; if from the East, Hunter's Point yields a cholera-breeding compound to which asaetida is as Cologne and over-ripe eggs as Jockey-Club; if from the West, Abattoirs and Stockyards overwhelm all lesser stinks with their noxious effluvia. Even the winds that should come to us pure and free over the waters of the Bay, bear the pestilential taint of dead-horse, dead-dog and garbage scows. There is no relief anywhere, nor does there seem likely to be any, till the outraged citizens take the matter into their own hands.

THE BLUSHING DAMSEL, THE CASTILIAN AND THE INGENIOUS FORTUNE-TELLER.

PHASE I.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NON the banks of the river Roanoke, in North Carolina, resided a very beautiful damsel, who was fairer to the eye than a flower-garden in summer, and brighter than a new gold dollar in the Mint. She had raven tresses, her front name was Hannah, and she acknowledged to 19 years. To use a legal phrase, she "rested" at 19. She had a desire, said to be common to damsels of that perishable age, to get married. But eligible suitors were not plentiful in the Tar-Heel State, and there was no direct line of communication to Europe.

From the far-off city of Saragossa, famous in poetry and in warfare, a Castilian of noble and fiery blood had started, accidentally, for a tour of the United States, choosing for the purpose—as only a Spaniard would—a Presidential year. The tourist, at such a time, sees the American people at a singular disadvantage. The Castilian had a great heart, but it was still empty. There was no one to share his real estates, which were in Cuba.

On the shores of Mt. Desert, in New England, Fate in its proverbial fickleness had cast Zangara, a fortune-teller of sinister renown. He was picturesque and pleasing; but at the period with which this narrative deals he was dead-broke. This condition of affairs is undesirable for any one, but is especially ironical for a fortune-teller.

"I must make a break," said Zangara, pensively.

Fate drew together at Mt. Desert the North Carolina damsel, the Castilian tourist and the financially-forsaken Zangara. Fate environed them in a net of gold. It was either Fate or intuition that led the fortune-teller to borrow (without security) from the Castilian tourist the price of a meal.

PHASE II.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

The Spaniard saw the maiden, and his sense and soul were forthwith enslaved. He loved her passionately, and he made a formal declaration to that effect. Saragossa and Yanceyville fraternized over iced-coffee by moonlight. The Castilian spoke eloquently of his Cuban property. She answered that she did not care for wealth, station or North Carolina, so long as she had his love.

"You do not know a woman's heart," said Hannah. "What is wealth, millinery or dress to me? However, I will not hate you because you are rich. Tell me about your property."

This expression, the reader will understand, did not reflect her true sentiments. But the Castilian, being by nature credulous, believed it did. He tried heroically to commend Mt. Desert as the loveliest spot on earth, but he broke down abruptly.

There are some enormities of speech which shatter even the ardor of lovers.

The Castilian, who had seen enough of American politics to develop into a good liar, told a very plausible story about his possessions in the West Indies.

"I think I am too young to marry," said the N. C. damsel, with feigned coyness. "I will consult a fortune-teller"—Zangara the aforesaid.

The Castilian insisted on giving her money for the purpose. After she had departed he remarked, in the slang of Mt. Desert:

"I have got that man 'solid.' Fortune-tellers have long memories. *He* has not forgotten the square meal."

PHASE III.

THE INGENIOUS FORTUNE-TELLER.

Straightway the credulous Castilian went to Zangara and let him into a little plan. "I will pay you \$50," he said, "if you will tell this North Carolinian that Fate has ordained her to marry me. Say that I am poor—that will make

sure of her. Have no scruples about telling it. It is the truth!"

"Very good," said Zangara; "\$25 down." The Castilian gave him the \$25.

"Will this go as a gift or a loan?" inquired the fortune-teller.

"As a gift," said the Castilian. "Do not sacrifice it to the 'tiger.'"

Shortly after this the blushing damsel arrived. She looked as sweet as a May morning. Her purse she held in her hand.

"Tell me, my good man," she said, "my fortune, and I will pay you well."

"Foolish Spaniard!" mused Zangara. "To do as he wants would be a d—shame! This here gal will be a-marrying this here man but for me. I break the match? Not much. Hades must freeze first."

And with such soothing speech and blithe words he determined to show his ingenuity. In the language of the Kansas Congressman, he gave the whole business away. He said the Spaniard was a two-millionaire; that his estates were boundless; his wealth without end. He grew fanciful and inspirative. "Why," said Zangara, "he is Jay Gould's cousin, and is at this moment backing the United States government." He laid the agony on so strong, he covered the Castilian with so many frills, and he was so excessively ingenious, that the girl did not know whom he intended, and completely lost track of the Spaniard.

"I am impatient," she said, "to see the man I am to love."

Zangara took his fee with a chuckle.

"I'm no fool," he said; "not by a large majority."

Meanwhile the credulous Castilian had been lying in ambush while the fortune-teller had been lying—without.

PHASE IV.

MT. DESERT DESERTED.

On the way back to the hotel the blushing damsel encountered a commercial buyer from Chicago, with whom she eloped.

The Castilian was no longer credulous. Approaching the fortune-teller, he exclaimed: "Knave and fool, you have ruined me."

Zangara began to tremble for the \$25 balance still due.

"I have saved you," he stammered.

"Coward and slave," said the irate Spaniard, "do you not know that the girl has eloped—perdition take them both!—with a Chicago man in the dress-goods line? Your infamy has brought me to this pass."

The fortune-teller did not even attempt to defend himself.

The Spaniard poised a poniard over the head of the ingenious Zingara. "Tell me before I kill you why you have done this deed!"

"Pardon me, sah!" said the fortune-teller, casting to the wind all subterfuge. "The fault is not mine. The fact is I am a Kentuckian, and it is impossible for me to tell the truth."

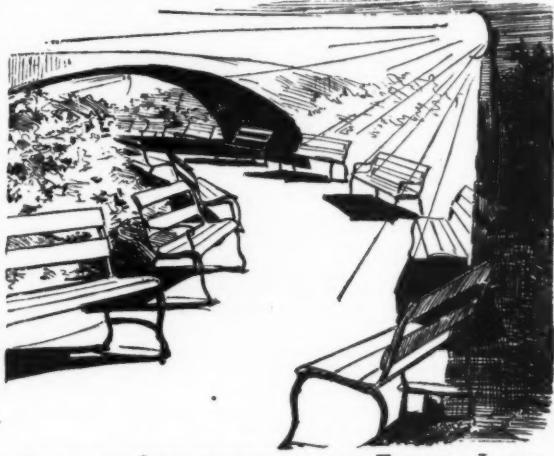
MORAL.

Truth is the basis of confidence, as confidence is the basis of love. Therefore in love affairs Kentuckians should appear only as principals—never as accessories.

ERNEST HARVIER.

PROPOSED INTRODUCTION
OF THE
ELECTRIC LIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK.

BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

AFTER THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.
[NOT EDISON'S.]LOVERS WHO IMAGINE THE SHADOW CONCEALS THEM
FROM VULGAR GAZE.

"BLUSHING HONORS THICK UPON
PUCK ON WHEELS!"

THE long promised treat has come, and it is a treat indeed. *PUCK ON WHEELS* is not, of course, better than the every-day *PUCK*, for that would be impossible; but it is equally good in its way, and that is saying as much as can be said of any funny publication on this side of the sea or on the other. This remarkable work contains a "Super-Calendered Dictionary of Coney Island," a burlesque on Mr. Percy's little book with all the modern improvements. Another very clever hit is the series of letters from the various watering-places, composed in the familiar style of the newspaper correspondent, the foreign tourist, the little boy, etc. To curdle the blood and give conscientious readers the nightmare for a week, Captain Mandeville Blowgun has contributed a romance entitled: "Dynamite Dick, the Death-Notch Destroyer of Gory Gulch." Then there is a new and revised edition of Chesterfield's letters to his son, having a decidedly American flavor. Other articles are "Parabelluedise Hotel;" "Erie Bill"—the tale of an unfortunate baggage-smasher, "For Sale and To Let, Out of Town;" "Farmer Josh and Faro Jim;" "The Gent's Own Traveling Manual;" "The Story of a Comet;" and a host of lesser titbits. Pictures abound everywhere, and the reader would laugh and grow fat by merely looking at them, even if he did nothing else. *PUCK ON WHEELS* is for sale at all the newsrooms, but won't be long unless the publishers have an unlimited supply.—*Syracuse Herald*.

AFTER MORE than half a Century of successful, honest business record, **FREDERICK BROWN'S GINGER** brings the following from the other side of the world:

Extract from letter from representative in Australia, received
May 24th, 1880.

"Melbourne, Victoria,
March 11th, 1880.

Mr. Frederick Brown,
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

My Dear Sir:—* * * * I have great pleasure in informing you that you have been awarded the First Prize for "Ginger" at the Exhibition at Sydney, N. S. W., against many AMERICAN, ENGLISH, GERMAN, FRENCH, and other firms. You have received the

HIGHEST AWARD

REMEMBER! The Genuine Brown's Ginger has NEVER been claimed to be a Specific, but is HONEST in its work, in its quality, and in its quantity.

A. FRANKFIELD & CO.,

JEWELERS.

FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.
DIAMONDS & JEWELS.

Corner 14th Street & 6th Ave.

WEBER,

MANUFACTURER OF
GRAND, SQUARE and UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

Prices reasonable.
WAREROOMS,
5th Ave. and West 16th St., New York.

A patient had four teeth extracted at Dr. Colton's, in the Cooper Institute, and, on awaking, exclaimed, "Dun't I hear somebody singing 'Pinafore!'" The most delicate and feeble can take the as, as it exhilarates instead of depressing. We have given it to 14,000 patients, at this writing, without an accident. We never supply other dentists with our gas.

Singing Pinafore.

Durham is headquarters of the World for Smoking Tobacco, and **W. T. Blackwell & Co.** is the Headquarters of Durham for the old original **Only Genuine Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco.** Their goods are old, mild, mellow and pure, full weight, always reliable and never bite the tongue.

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"SARAH BERNHARDT TOOTHPICKS" would take well.—*New Haven Register*.

MEN who live in glass houses will become very warm as the campaign advances.—*N. Y. Herald*.

HE is here. Of course we refer to the bore who perambulates the railroad car in search of "straws."—*Lockport Union*.

A WOMAN cannot become a successful lawyer. She is too fond of giving her opinion without pay.—*Oil City Derrick*.

SPAIN, ahoy! You've done this thing once, but odds triggers and dilapidated gunboats, don't you do it again!—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

WHEN a New York man is troubled with insomnia, he fixes the word Philadelphia in his mouth and it works like an opiate.—*New Haven Register*.

THE best beach in the country to get drowned in is at Atlantic City.—*Pittsburg Post*. How in thunder can one get drowned in a beach?—*Boston Post*.

THE woman who goes in bathing wearing a pair of diamond earrings always has sense enough to keep her head above water.—*Philadelphian Herald*.

AN immitashun to equal an original has got to beat it at least 25 per cent.

Men luv for the novelty of the thing, woman luv because she kant help it.—*Josh Billings*.

FIRST-CLASS meals can now be obtained at any blacksmith shop. To dine heartily, place your mouth at the nozzle of the bellows and get the smith to agitate the handle.—*Philadelphian Herald*.

IT is difficult to conceive how a woman can put up her back hair, rock the cradle with one foot, look into the mirror, and lecture her husband with her mouth full of hair-pins all at the same time.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

MR. NORCROSS's Hancock hen has brought forth four chicks as a result of a seventeen days set on seven eggs. The Garfield hen will see the Hancock hen's chicks, and go her three chicks better.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

IT is said that a woman's voice can be heard at a distance of two miles by a man in a balloon; but if the black-haired spider, which can stretch itself to several inches in length and eats mice, were to get on her neck, her voice could easily be heard a distance of ten miles on a level.—*Norristown Herald*.

A GENTLEMAN who took a straw vote in a railroad train yesterday, was killed a few minutes later by one of Jove's dread thunderbolts, accompanied by a streak of seven-tined lightning. We may be wrong, but we take this as an indication that the immortal gods can't stand everything, and have decided to draw the line at the man who takes the straw vote.—*Petroleum World*.

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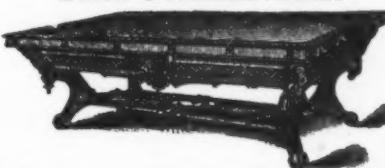
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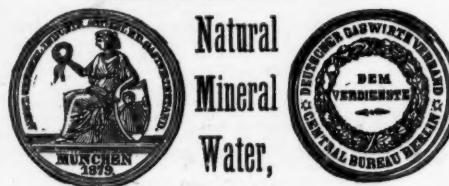
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HOTEL CLERKS do not, as a rule, bear the reputation of being the most courteous of the human family. The amount of provocation they receive should, no doubt, be taken into consideration when their shortcomings are noted, still they are at times gratuitously and unnecessarily rude in their intercourse with strangers. A recent visitor from Australia was rather taken aback the other day by the politeness of the elegant individual who presides in the office of the — Hotel, where he had taken up his quarters. The day after his arrival, which happened to be one of the windiest of the season, he went out for a stroll round the streets of 'Frisco to see the sights and exhibit his linen-covered helmet. He returned to the hotel rubbing his eyes and very much disgusted, and remarked to the clerk: "You have a great deal of dust here in San Francisco." "Y-a-s," drawled the clerk; "I suffer from it myself." "Weak eyes?" inquired the stranger. "No, sir." "Your lungs are affected then?" "Not much," yawned the clerk. "In what way, then, do you suffer from the dust?" asked the somewhat surprised Australian. "By hearing about sixty times an hour every fool who comes in here say: 'You have a good deal of dust here in San Francisco.' — *San Francisco News Letter*.

A CELEBRATED lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married; a married woman who wanted a divorce; and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted. — *Yonkers Gazette*.

WHERE is Bergh all this time? If Tanner had four legs, Bergh would have been after his starvers quicker than lightning. — *Phila. Bulletin*.



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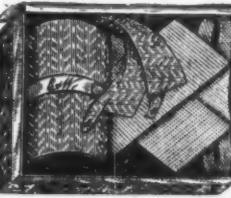
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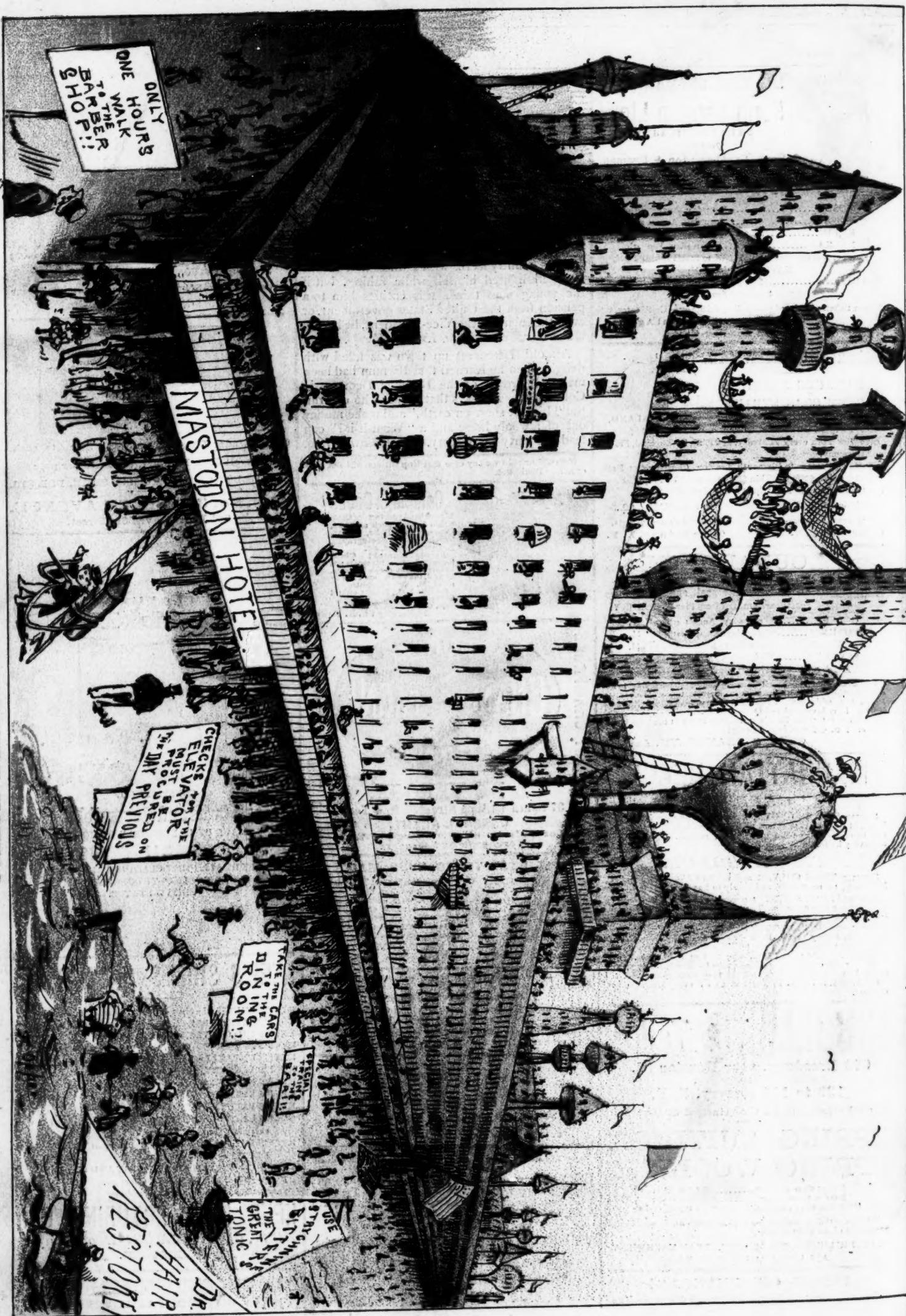
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J. Z. GIFFORD, 141 East 52d St., New York.



THE NEW ERA IN SEASIDE HOTELS.

PUCK:—"With plenty of money, a fire extinguisher, a fire ladder, and about two hundred feet of rope, a man ought to be happy in such a palace!"